

1873

The Bloomfield Record.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL INTERESTS, GENERAL NEWS, AND THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING LITERATURE.

McDIVITT & HULIN, Publishers and Proprietors.

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THE BLOOMFIELD RECORD

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Rev. Dr. STEPHEN D. D., Pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:45 A. M., and 7:15 P. M.

PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL—LIBERTY STREET.
Rev. Mr. DANIEL, Rector. Services every Sunday at 11 A. M., and 7:15 P. M.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—BROAD STREET.
Rev. Mr. SELLMEYER, Pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:45 A. M., and 7:15 P. M.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN—BLOOMFIELD PARK.
Rev. Mr. KNOT, Pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:45 A. M., and 7:15 P. M. Sunday school from 12 M. till 1 P. M. Prayer meeting Thursday at 7:15 P. M.

WESTMINSTER PRESBYTERIAN—FRANKLIN STREET.
Rev. Dr. KENNEDY, Pastor. Sunday services at 10:45 A. M., and 7:15 P. M. Sunday school after morning service. Prayer meeting Tuesday at 7:15 P. M.

SOCIETIES.

BLOOMFIELD LODGE, No. 40, A. F. & A. M.
Meets in Masonic Hall, Railroad Ave., 1st and 3d Tuesdays of each month.

OLIVE BRANCH LODGE, No. 51, L. O. O. F.
Meets every Wednesday evening over Hargraves & Hayes's Hardware store. Officers—N. G., Thos. Brown; V. G., Theodore Cadmus; P. S., John Fulson; S. J. B. Bedford; C. E. Westlake; W. A. Cumbach.

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Meets on Wednesday evenings in Unions Hall.

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Real Estate and Insurance Agency,

BROAD STREET, ADJOINING ARCHDEACON'S HOTEL.
BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

ESTATES, BUSINESS PREMISES, RESIDENCES.
Building Lots and Farms to cut up in Villa Plots for Speculative Purposes now on hand and offered on money-making and accommodating terms.

The above begs leave to announce to the public that he is, as heretofore, engaged in the Sale and Exchange of Real Estate, Renting Houses, the Collection of Rents, and Procuring Fire Insurance in first-class and responsible Companies.

C. P. DOREMUS,

DEALER IN
CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES:

FLOUR—
SHOAR—
TEA—
COFFEE—
BUTTER—
LARD—
FISH—
ETC., ETC.

AT THE LOWEST MARKET RATES.

Bloomfield Ave., Near Ridgewood Depot.

HARGRAVES & HAYES,

Plumbing and Gas Fitting.

Tin, Sheet Iron and Copper Workers.
ROOFING, LEADERS and TIN WARE.
HARDWARE and HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS.
LIFT and FORCE PUMPS, STOVES.
RANGES, and HEATERS.
All Work Done in the Best Manner and Guaranteed.
RAILROAD AVENUE, BLOOMFIELD, N. J.
Jan. 23—1w

MILLS' ADJUSTABLE TREADLE

Applied to all FIRST-CLASS SEWING MACHINES.
CRISP & WILLETT.
AGENTS FOR NEW JERSEY.

84 BANK STREET, NEWARK, N. J.
All First-class Sewing Machines Constantly on Hand.

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FINE GROCERIES, AND PROVISIONS,
FLOUR, FEED GRAIN, CANNED AND DRIED FRUITS.
RAILROAD AVENUE, BLOOMFIELD.
Jan. 23—1w

Selected Poetry.

TO MY FATHER.

My father, I recall the dream
Of childish joy and wonder,
When thou wast young as I now seem,
Sly, thirty-three, or under;
When on thy temples, as on mine,
Time just began to sprinkle
His first grey hairs, and traced the sign
Of many a coming wrinkle.
I recognize thy voice's tone
As to myself I'm talking;
And this firm tread, how like thine own,
In thought, the steady walking!
As, musing, to and fro I pass,
A glance across my shoulder
Would bring thine image in the glass.
Were it a trifle older.
My father, proud and I to bear
Thy face, thy form, thy stature,
But happier far might I but share
More of thy better nature;
Thy patient progress after good,
All obstacles disclaiming,
Thy courage, faith, and fortitude,
And spirit uncomplaining.
Then for the day that I was born
Well might I joy, and borrow
No longer of the coming morn
Its trouble or its sorrow;
Content I'd be to take my chance
In either world, possessing
For my complete inheritance
Thy virtues and thy blessing.
—WILLIAM CROWELL.

YOUR MISSION.

If you cannot on the ocean
Sail among the swiftest fleet,
Rocking on the highest billows,
Laughing at the storms you meet;
You can stand among the sailors,
Anchor'd yet within the bay,
You can lend a hand to help them,
As they launch their boat away.
If you are too weak to journey
To the mountain steep and high;
You can stand within the valley,
While the multitudes go by;
You can chant in happy measures,
As they slowly pass along,
Tho' they may forget the singer,
They will not forget the song.
If you have not gold and silver,
Ever ready to command;
If you cannot 'wards the needy,
Reach an ever open hand;
You can visit the afflicted,
O'er the erring you can weep,
You can be a true disciple,
Sitting at the Saviour's feet.
If you cannot in the conflict
Prove yourself a soldier true,
If there fire and smoke is thickest,
There's no work for you to do,
When the battle field is silent,
You can go with careful tread,
You can be a true disciple,
You can cover up the dead.
Do not, then, stand idly waiting,
For some greater work to do;
Fortune is a lazy goddess,
She will never come to you,
Go and toil in any vineyard,
Do not fear to do and dare,
If you want a field of labor,
You can find it any where.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Useful line of business—the clothes line.
An oyster leads a placid life until he gets into a stew.

We make way for the man who boldly pushes past us.

When does a farmer work a miracle?

The color of the wind was discovered by the man who went out and found it blew.

Adam's family has at last been discovered. He was, according to Darwin, a german.

A man who has tried it in Kansas says religion and Texas cattle-herding don't go hand in hand.

With all our newspapers in the United States we have only one newspaper to every 5,633 inhabitants.

"Go to America and lecture" is, in London, equivalent to the New York phrase "Go West and dig."

It is reported that the New York Herald is endeavoring to engage Edmund Yates, English novelist now lecturing in this country, to write up for it the Vienna Exposition. Nebraska City has been going into Sunday school theatricals with great vigor. Belshazzar's feast was recently dramatized, the mysterious writing on the wall being done with phosphorus.

An Irishman applying for a license to sell whiskey, was asked by the Judge if he had a good moral character. "Faith, yer honor, I don't see the necessity of a good moral character to sell whiskey."

George—"Oh, I do love the Central Park so! I prefer it to Switzerland, really!" Mabel—"Why, George, you've never been to Switzerland!" George—"No; but I've seen it on the map, and I don't like the looks of it at all."

A wedding was recently broken up at Columbus City, Iowa, in the following manner: The preacher asked if any one had any objections; the young lady said, "Yes; I don't want to marry him. The expectant groom folded his broadcloth and silently stole away."

The wide-awake editor of the *Catholic Review* has discovered, in a quiet corner of the *National Baptist*, "the most outrageous" advertisement he has ever seen. It relates to "baptismal pants," manufactured by a certain Philadelphia tailor, which are offered as prizes by the Baptist editor for new subscribers to the *National Baptist*. "Pants" is proof-reading for "font."

CAMP AND FIELD.

UNPUBLISHED EPISODES OF THE LATE WAR.

[Having been requested to publish a Soldier's Journal or Diary, embracing notes and incidents of travel in the South during the rebellion, we are constrained to do so, though with some reluctance, fearing many of our readers may consider them of trivial importance or may lack freshness, several years having elapsed since their occurrence. The following is a letter written from the camp of a New Jersey regiment, stationed on the line of the Nashville & Chattanooga railroad, which may be of some interest as touching somewhat upon social life in Tennessee.]

BEDFORD CO., TENN.,
April 4, 1864.

DEAR C—
I have been very busy hunting over the books and records of our command in order to collect therefrom a report of our part in the battle of Gettysburg. This report is to be sent to a publisher in New York, who is getting up a work on that battle. Having completed and dispatched this I can now discharge my obligation as correspondent to you. Let me tell you my experience in attending church yesterday, out in the country some five or six miles.

It was a beautiful day, though rather warm. We (D—and I) started about ten o'clock for the village of Rowesville, reaching which place we took the Shelbyville road to Thomson's Creek, where we knew there was an Old School Presbyterian church, in which there was to be preaching. We passed a couple of young women on the road, who advised us as to the distance, route, etc. We reached the place soon after eleven—a small unpretending wooden structure standing in a grove of trees. On each side of the building were fastened, I should say, some sixty horses and mules belonging to the congregation, already seated within, the services being now in progress. We entered, and I found myself in a church for the first time in about a year. The preacher, Mr. J—, was well advanced in years, but he had a goodly share of that vim and animation characteristic of Western preachers. As might be expected, the questions of the hour—Union and Secession—were touched upon; the Union cause being warmly espoused, and the rebellion as vehemently denounced. Most of the congregation were Union people, but there were a few rebels among them—generally of the poorer and more ignorant classes.

When the congregation was dismissed, it was truly a novel sight to see those country people set out for their homes—nearly all of them being on horseback. Many of the stronger animals "toted double," which is Tennessee dialect for carrying two individuals upon one horse. A brother and younger sister, or a pater-familias and one of the children would frequently be seen thus mounted for a ride, very probably of several miles.

Nearly all wore clothing of home-spun and home-made manufacture; the fortunes, or rather misfortunes of war not adding to the variety or extravagance of dress in Bedford county. The ladies, of which there were a goodly number, were, I supposed, arrayed in the best of their resources could command. A few representing the elite were fortunate enough to have a dress of factory-spun material—if nothing better than a calico print. Imagine the make-up of a pretty young lady thus attired, having on a straw hat trimmed with a ribbon bought before the war. Without any assistance she jumps into her saddle, and in company with brother or lover canters off toward home.

We shook hands with the old minister whom we had met before, and halted an hour or so at his house before returning to camp. He has a large plantation, and two sons, well-to-do farmers; also a younger son enlisted in our cavalry service, and three daughters, young, prepossessing in appearance, and unmarried. Their acquaintance with us was not slow in improving, and spent a very pleasant hour in the old minister's parlor. We also fell in with some little folks at another plantation, a couple of bright children of perhaps four and five years. The little girl was talkative, and said she had been "pined" by so many "Yanks" coming there, while her brother declared stoutly that he was a "little Yeb." (Little Reb.)

We reached camp about dark; just as an orderly from Tullahoma arrived with dispatches to the effect that we were to make preparations to move. Singularly, our Generals never tell us where we are going, but only when and how. We can generally guess the direction in which we are bound, which is always where the enemy is most demonstrative. I infer that we are to join the main army of the Cumberland at Chattanooga, and then advance southward to Atlanta. We shall see.

Tax editor of a live Michigan newspaper, that is first run through a press in Chicago, says in a recent issue, "Three new subscribers came last week; so our list rolls up. We shall soon hire a man to run our press, as we cannot furnish brains and everything else at the present subscription price of one dollar a year."

A fire recently occurred in the house of the late Edwin Forrest in Philadelphia, and destroyed a portion of his valuable library. The famous original copy of Shakespeare published in 1632 was consumed. It was alone valued at \$5,000.

Rev. Duncan Kennedy, D. D.

The Westminster Presbyterian Church of this place—the attractive daughter of a now venerable mother—was organized January 7th, 1870. The Chapel where the congregation worships was dedicated on the 30th of September of the same year; and during the entire period of their brief, but interesting and useful history, they have enjoyed the ministrations of the Rev. Dr. Kennedy. If a stranger were present at their Sabbath exercises he would be impressed with the absorbed attention of the congregation, from the announcement of the text to the concluding sentence of the discourse; but it would awaken no surprise, for whatever the theme chosen by their beloved pastor, his thoughts are always well-digested, clothed in the most fitting words, and presented in a manner that is solemn, affectionate, and most impressive. It is the eloquence of thought and true reverential feeling and that is the only eloquence worthy the aspirations of the ambassador of Christ. When the worshipper retires from Westminster church the consciousness that the real needs of our immortal nature have been met in every part of the service, brings a fulness of satisfaction to the heart. Dr. Kennedy is a gentleman of fine presence, genial in manner, and of kindly sympathy in affliction and bereavement. The entire community, as well as his own congregation, can unite cordially in the prayer, *Servus in celum redeas!* If such a pastorate furnishes to the people an occasion for daily thanksgiving, we can, on the other hand, with hearty good will congratulate the pastor in having such a congregation.

The present place of worship is called the "Chapel," it being the purpose to erect a larger building contiguous to this at some future time. But under no circumstances, perhaps, and in no other building, will those who are accustomed to meet in the Chapel have a more home-like feeling. They recognize what is too often forgotten, that they are a "household" of faith, "one family" in the Lord. And as they are united in one common purpose, so should they be in true Christian affection and sympathy. It was an arduous and very responsible work to establish and sustain such an enterprise, and nothing but faith and prayer and earnest Christian activity could have brought it to a successful issue. But what was nobly undertaken has been nobly accomplished.

In the congregation we find many of our most cultured, useful and honored citizens. The church is thoroughly organized for Christian work. The Sabbath school, under the efficient superintendence of Mr. George P. Ludlum, with a corps of earnest teachers, is greatly prospering. The ladies—God bless the ladies!—abound in all goodness; and in all the social meetings in which the young take an active part, there is true spiritual life. The church has recently been greatly bereaved; but the names of their brethren, who now worship in the Upper Temple, will be cherished for years to come with affectionate remembrance. We subjoin a list of the officers that constitute the present organization of Westminster:

Pastor—Rev. Duncan Kennedy, D. D.
Elders—Coll J. Turner, Moses M. Bradley, Henry B. Sheldon.

Deacons—Robert J. Beach, Frederick Crane.

Trustees—Jason Crane, Phineas Ward, Vaedat G. Thomas, Jonas E. Stevenson, Robert J. Beach, George Cook.

Precentor—Herbert Bidolph.

The manifest blessing of God which has rested on this church in the past, we regard as but the earnest of greater spiritual prosperity in the time to come.

Home Reading.

One of the most pleasant and noble duties of the head of the family is to furnish its members with good reading. In the times which are passed it was considered enough to cloth and feed and shelter a family. This was the sum of parental duty; but lately it has been found out that wives and children have minds, and so it has become a necessity to educate the children and furnish reading for the whole household; it has been found out that the mind wants its food as well as the body, and that it wants to be sheltered from the pitiless storms of error and vice by the guarding and friendly roof of intelligence and virtue.

An ignorant family in our days is antiquated institution. It smells of the musty past; it is a dark spot which the light of the modern sun of intelligence has not reached.

Let good reading go into a home, and the very atmosphere of that home gradually changes. It becomes clearer, purer, more cheerful, healthful and happy; the boys begin to grow ambitious; to talk about men, places, principles, books, the past and the future; the girls begin to feel a new life opening to them in knowledge, duty and pleasure; and so the family changes, and out from its number will go intelligent men and women to fill honorable places and be useful members of the community. Let the torch of intelligence be lit in every household; let the old and young vie with each other in introducing new and useful topics of investigation, and in cherishing a love of reading, study and improvement.—*Exchange.*

POSEY COUNTY.

THE HISTORIC BUT VANISHING INHABITANT OF HOOP-POLE TOWNSHIP—WHERE EARLINGTON GOT HIS CHARACTER.

In the southwest corner of Indiana, between the Ohio and the Wabash, is Posey county. Nearly ten years since I taught a Winter school in the centre of Posey, and from my own charge and patrons might have furnished all the characters of Eggleston, "Old Man Means," "Bud" and "Sis," "Hand" and "Shockey," all figure in my recollections. The boys "harred me out" of course; but I tried no such heroic remedies as did Ralph Hartsock. On the contrary, I quietly returned to my boarding-house and read law all day, only too glad of an excuse to get away from the noisy crew for a whole day and study my chosen profession. Posey is unique. It has on the south and west some of the best districts in the State, which have given us such men as McClure, Gen. A. P. Hovey and the Owens family; while in the centre and north are regions so benighted that strangers would not believe a literal description. I remember it used to be said that just north of where I taught, people run down their children with dogs once a month to put clean clothes on them, and in the maps we used to draw at school—not the school I taught—we laid Posey off in four divisions, marked thus in childish comedy: "Civilized Tribes," "Yahoos," "Mungeronas," "Unexplored Regions." I had sixty-five scholars on my list, and my private record shows eighty-five "corporal punishments inflicted," and the bulk of that fell on three boys. "Lickin' and larnin'—lickin' and larnin'!" was the alliterative philosophy of Centre township, Posey county.

In this part of Indiana and Illinois, the original Hoosier flourished. Flat Creek, Hoop Pole, Dog Hollow and Lick Skillet are all here. No stage caricature ever represented the Hoosier to one who knows him; he is *sui generis*; gaunt of person, pale yellow of hair, long of joint, long drawn out and shaky, with inimitable voice, and a foot which is destruction to cut-worms. I know the Hoosier well, and can talk about him as I please, for I was born with him, partially brought up with him; I narrowly escaped being one of him. His language is a derivative and compound dialect, consisting of equal parts of literally translated Pennsylvania Dutch idioms, Carolina and Kentucky niggerisms, and good stocky English. Webster has no vowel sound which fully represents the Hoosier dialect. Its grammar may be partially illustrated by the conjugation of the word "to do." As thus:

Present tense—Regular as in English.
Imperfect—I done it, you done it, he done it.
Plural—We'uns done it, you'uns done it, they'uns done it, etc.
Perfect—I gone done it, etc.
Plural—We'uns gone done it, etc.
Pluperfect—I bin gone done it, etc.
Plural—We'uns been gone done it, etc.
First future—I gwine to do it, you gwine to do it, etc.
Plural—We'uns gwine to do it, etc.
Second future—I gwine to gone done it, etc.

Plural—We'uns gwine to gone done it, you'ens gwine, etc.

The Hoosier enjoyed corn-shuckings, circuses and "spelling matches;" his greatest dread was the "fever 'n' ager." In my boyhood this terrible scourge was both epidemic and endemic; both chronic and sporadic. In some neighborhoods it came only at the "turn of the season"—along in August—when the vegetation begins to part with its juices to the air; in other places it was to be expected at any season of the year and any hour of the day.

These last were specifically known as the "ager neighborhood;" new comers were solemnly warned not to get in such, and every village cherished traditions of some other village not far remote, where "the town bell was rung every two hours for folks to take their quinine." Now one may live for years in almost any part of Indiana before seeing a case of ager. But it comes back sometimes in a startling way, and this appears to have been one of the years for it. I met young people of my acquaintance who had never seen a case before their own, it had so nearly vanished; but I recognized it in a minute as the same old, mean, sneaking, freezing disease. Cognate with the "ager" was the "milk sick," that strange, unaccountable affection which seized upon milk kine, and through their milk, butter and flesh, upon man. That, too, seems to be nearly extinct. Indeed, I never hear it mentioned now; but it was the cause of many painful and lingering deaths and still more shattered constitutions twenty-five years ago. A thousand times I have heard groups of farmers discuss the various theories, as to whether it was in the water or in the air, or the vegetation, or all three, and for aught I know the question is unsettled yet. The Hoosier, too, is almost extinct, and since the school law of 1856 went into operation a young generation of educated people have come upon the stage. Our people have become better mixed in both the States. The "poor whites" who left the

South to get away from slavery as no longer the majority of our population. The Northern man has come into the general mass much more readily than one would have expected who knew their mutual prejudices twenty-five years ago. The Southern settler probably had more personal generosity; the Northern far more public spirit. The former was free from his tobacco and liquor, loaned his horses and dogs, and on public days "treated" everybody as long as his money lasted; but when a church or schoolhouse was to be built, the other came out of his financial reserve, gave ten-fold more, and with more judicious liberality. The union of the two has produced the young Westerner, of whom I am proud to be considered one.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

Our Sleighride.

Do you know, Mr. Editor, we had a sleighride. I say we, I mean a goodly number of us Bloomfielders, our sons and daughters, old and young, a merry mixing up of ourselves and our children in a drive to the beautiful village of Hackensack, on the river of that name. Starting about half past six P. M., in about nine or ten sleighs loaded to their utmost capacity, with merry laughing girls and their beaux, the staid matron, and the no less merry pater familias, all bent on having a good time and improve the beautiful sleighing, under the glorious light of the full moon. Even King trout showed his disposition to favor us, he was so mild and pleasant. On our winding way we passed the cheerful home of the thrifty farmer, the tradesman's mart, large manufactories, and other evidences of thrift and progress. We were greeted on our way by many hearty cheers, while the merry laugh and catch of glee, the cheerful song and well-told tale enlivened the ride.

To many of us this part of New Jersey was interesting, having never before journeyed thither, while to others a moonlight winter scene was new.

The well-kept farms and substantial buildings gave evidence of the wealth and management of the inhabitants of the valley of the Passaic. We arrived at the door of mine host of the Washington Mansion House about nine o'clock P. M., safe, with the exception of a slight break down of one of the sleighs, and a fright in another, all of which, however, did not interrupt the general hilarity, or the speedy assembling of all disposed to participate in the exercise of the promenade and dance, which was kept up until supper was announced. No time was lost in reaching the large and commodious dining room where we found the tables loaded with good things admirably prepared, showing decidedly that the cuisine was not neglected. Ample justice was done to the good things. All being well satisfied, thoughts of home were whispered around, and a visit to the outer world by our reporter made known a rain in progress, and for fear of a harder pour, we again took seats in the sleighs for a homeward drive, reaching Bloomfield without any further accident than a gentle "tip over" of one sleigh, without which "in ye olden time" no sleighing frolic was complete.

C. P. L.

How He Handled the Flail.

A young man from an Eastern city who had been visiting rural friends in this vicinity, after seeing a farmer thresh out a "flooring" of oats the other morning asked and received permission to swing the flail a few minutes, upon assuring the agriculturist that he was "perfectly familiar with the art of threshing." Expecting upon his hands, the young man went at the oats, but at the first pass knocked the horn off the new milch cow that was lazily chewing her cud in a neighboring stall. The second swing caught in the head of the farmer, who thought he was safe enough as long as he roosted on top of the fanning mill in the end of the barn, but without discovering the havoc he was making, the city artist kept at his labors; the third blow fell upon the oats, the fourth killed a setting hen in the manger near by, and the fifth pass of the deadly weapon was the best of all, for it came around the young man boomerang fashion, and, taking him under the lower jaw, knocked him down, and thus put a stop to the work of slaughter. The mere fact that the city "thresher" returned to consciousness an hour before the farmer did, allowed the former to get several miles out of town before his efforts at threshing oats were discovered by his neighbors.—*Titusville Press.*

It took several years of costly litigation to obtain from the Supreme Court of Vermont a declaration to this effect: That a Mrs. Drew, who cut some grass on the public highway in order that her children might have a path by which they could get to and from school without getting their clothes wet committed no crime, but that as Mrs. Drew fed nine pounds of this grass to her husband's horse she committed a trespass, for which she was responsible to the State of Vermont.

FAME is like a shaved pig with a grained tail, and it is only after it has slipped through the hands of some thousands that some fellow, by good luck, holds on to it.

